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## THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.]

THE MACLEODS OF RAASAY.

*(Continued.)*

THE history of this branch of the Macleods is throughout more than usually difficult to trace. It is specially so at this period. Being a subordinate sept, any references to the family in the public records are few and meagre, and the references to be found refer more to relatives—brothers, uncles, and sons—than to the heads of the house. It would appear that there was always a notorious, wild, mischief-making "John Macgillechallum" among the most immediate connexions of the family, but no one named John seems to have been among the chiefs. When and how "Ian na Tuaighe"—John of the Axe—ended his days we have not been able to ascertain, but there is no doubt that he was succeeded by a son or a near relative who inherited his blood-thirsty and most daring characteristics. What the exact relationship of his successor in evil—this second John—had to the head of the house in 1612 it is impossible at present to say. That he was in no respect better than his namesake of the Axe is clear from the picture presented of him in the following references, which we extract from the Register of the Scottish Privy Council:—

On the 16th of March, 1592-93, "Macgillecallum of Raarsay's"

name appears among those of several other chiefs, Lowland and Highland, in the Register of the Privy Council, on which occasion the King, with the advice of his Council, ordained letters to be issued to relax the persons named therein from the horn for any cause bygone, to receive them to the King's peace, "and gif them the wand thereof." In 1594-95 we find an entry on the 6th of February denouncing Macleod of Raasay and others for not appearing to answer a charge of reif. The complaint is at the instance of Alexander Bane of Tulloch, and it says that "Upon 7th September last Gillichallum Rasa, laird of Rasa; John Mac-Gillichallum Rasa, his son; Alexander Ley, Andro Ley, Angus Pyper, Hucheon McInglas, Alexander McEan McRory, John McWilliamme Dow, with their accomplices, broken men and sorners, came to the complainer's lands of        and Auchnaglerauch and reft and awaytuke furth thair of tuelff scoir ky, fyve hundreth sheep, tua hundreth gait, and tuentie horse and meiris;" and that they had often before committed sundry acts of oppression and degradation upon him. The pursuer was represented by Duncan Bane, apparent heir of Tulloch and Mr. Ranald Bane, his heirs and procurators. The defenders did not appear, and were ordered to be denounced as rebels.

On the 25th of December, 1595, there is a complaint at the instance of Tulloch and Alexander Bane, Fiar of Loggie, against the Rev. John Mackenzie, minister of Urray, who, "forgetful of that calling and profession whereunto he is received, and of the good example which, by his good life and conversation, he should give to others," has been guilty of many "insolencies and open and manifest oppressions" against the complainers, "as namely by reset and herding within his house of John Macgillichallum Rasa, a common and notorious thief, and limmer, and denounced rebel, for open and avowed theft in the month of May last," and who had come to the said Mr. John's house "upon set purpose and provision to lie derne and quiet there" till he might find the opportunity to murder Mr. Hucheon McConeill Bane and Duncan Bane, son of the said Alexander Bane, younger of Tulloch. After he had remained with the Rev. Mr. John the space of 48 hours, "upon sure knowledge had by the said Mr. John of his barbarous and wicked intention," he had come out of the said house at night

to the dwelling-place of the said Hucheon of set purpose to slay him, which he would have done if Hucheon, getting information of his intention, "had not convoyed himself and the said barne away." Since that time the said Mr. John had come to the complainer's lands of Urray, "cut his ploughs and 'rigwiddeis,' and thereby, and by others the like open and manifest oppressions, has laid and holds the said lands waste." The Rev. Mr. John did not appear, and was denounced a rebel.

It would seem that a Mr. John "Irwing of Kynnock" became cautioner on the 29th December, 1595, for the Rev. John Mackenzie, of Urray, to the amount of 300 merks, that he would appear on the 3rd of February following to answer the complaint made against him by the Banes respecting "the reset" and protection of this John Macgillechallum, Raasay. The bond is deleted by warrant, subscribed by the King's hand at Edinburgh on the 17th of January, 1595-96.\*

There is another complaint by the same parties in connection with this matter, on the 6th of February, 1595-96, from which it appears that John Macgillechallum, Rasa, had been put to the horn on the 7th of March, 1594, but, notwithstanding this, "he not only remains unreleased from the horn, but continues in his wicked and accustomed trade of reif, theft, sorning, and oppression, seeking all indirect and shameful means to wreck and destroy him (Bane of Tulloch) and his bairns. Thus, lately he sent to the complainer, desiring him to give over to him his old heritage called Torrtortane [Torridon], with assurance, if he do not the same, to burn his whole corns and goods." In these insolencies he is "encouraged and set forward by the consort, reset, and supply which he receives of Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail and his friends, he being near kinsman to the said Kenneth, viz., his father's sister's son, who, in that respect, shows him all good offices of friendship and courtesy, indirectly assisting him with his men, and moyan in all his enterprises against the said complainer and his bairns, without whose oversight and allowance, and protection it were not able to have a reset in any part of the country." The complainer, Bane of Tulloch, is then described as a decrepit aged man past eighty years of age; and being blind for several years,

\*Register of the Privy Council, folio 316, b.

"he mon meane himself to his Majestie for remeid." He is represented by Alexander Bane, Fiar of Loggie, and Mr. Ranald Bane. Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail appears personally, and the King and Council remits the matter before the judges competent to deal with it.

On the 21st of March, 1596-97, there is an entry in the Register of the Privy Council that Roderick Mor Macleod of Dunvegan appeared, and became bound in 10,000 (? merks), "be the faith and treuth of his body," to acknowledge his Highness as his only Sovereign Lord, to make his men obey the King's lieutenants "in repressing of the insolence" of the inhabitants of the Isles and Highlands; also that Donald Macleud, son of Johnne Macleud of Rosok (? Raasay), appointed to remain in Edinburgh as pledge for the obedience of Rory Mor, shall remain till the return of and entry of the said Roderick upon the 30th of November following. The Clerk of Council subscribed this obligation on Rory Mor's behalf.

On the death of Malcolm Garbh MacGillechallum in 1611, he was succeeded by his second and eldest surviving son,

IV. ALEXANDER MACLEOD of Raasay, then apparently a minor, for he was not served heir to his father until the 18th of February, 1617. It is clear that he succeeded to the Chiefship in 1611, from a letter of King James's, dated at Whitehall on the 5th of November in that year, whereby his Majesty granted to Andrew, Bishop of the Isles, "all and whatsomever sums of money shall be found resting and owing to his Majesty by Donald Gorm of Sleat, Rory Macleod of Harris, Lachlan Mackinnon of Strathardle, Alexander MacGillechallum of Raasay," and other Highland chiefs named, for any taxes due to the King by these chiefs or their predecessors prior to the 1st of July, 1606.

In 1626 Thomas Knox, Bishop of the Isles, makes a report of his diocese, its lands, incumbents, ministers, and rents. Having described the Isle of Skye, he says:—"Near this country lies the small island of Scalpa, and to the north of Scalpa lieth Rasa, belonging to the Abbot of Icolmkill, is possessed by the Earl of Seaforth. He has no tack nor acknowledges any rent" for it. According to the Laird of Applecross' manuscript History of the Mackenzies, Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, tutor to Colin,



first Earl of Seaforth, employed himself in settling his pupil's estate, "which he did to that advantage that ere his minority passed he freed his estate, leaving him master of an opulent fortune and of great superiorities, for he acquired the superiority of Troternish, with the heritable Stewartry of the Isle of Skye, the superiority of Raasay," and several other islands.\*

On the 19th of September, 1628, Macleod entered into an agreement, at the Castle of Duntulm, with Colin Earl of Seaforth, Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, John Macleod of Dunvegan, John Macranald of Islandtirum, and Sir Lachlan Mackinnon of Strath, for the preservation of deer and roe on their respective properties, and the punishment of trespassers in pursuit of game on any part of their estates. This document, a most curious and interesting one, has been already quoted in full, under "The Macleods of Harris and Dunvegan," *Celtic Magazine*, Vol. XI., pp. 340-42, and therefore need not be further referred to here.† In the body of this contract Macleod is described as "Alexander McGillichallum of Rasa."

Alexander married with issue—

1. Alexander, his heir and successor.
2. John, whose son, also John, ultimately succeeded to the chiefship, and carried on the representation of the family.

He died before 1643, when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

V. ALEXANDER MACLEOD, served heir to his father, described as "Alexander MacGillechallum Mhic Gillechallum," on the 20th of August, 1643. The rental of Raasay, as entered in the Valuation Roll of the County of Inverness in 1644, was £666 13s. 4d., Scots.

Alexander married Sibella, eldest daughter of Roderick Mackenzie, I. of Applecross, by his wife, Florence, daughter of Murdoch Mackenzie, II. of Redcastle, with issue—

1. John Garbh, his heir and successor.
2. Janet ; 3. Giles, who were afterwards, in 1688, on the death of their brother, without issue, served heirs of line, conquest, and provision to their father.

\* Mackenzie's *History of the Mackenzies*, pp. 168-69.

† The contract is recorded in the General Register of Deeds, Vol. 408, on the 3rd of November, 1628.

He died before 1648, and was succeeded by his only son,

VI. JOHN GARBH MACLEOD, who was served heir to his father on the 22nd of September, 1648. This chief was distinguished for his great strength. He was universally admitted to be the most powerful and best built Highlander of his time, and the gallantry of his personal exploits was a household word among his contemporaries. He met his death at the early age of twenty-one, while returning from the Lewis, where he was on a visit to his relative, George, second Earl of Seaforth. The vessel in which he was on his way home went down in a great storm on the north coast of Skye, when John Garbh and all on board perished. He was very highly esteemed, and his untimely fate was deeply mourned, not only by his young wife and family connexions, but by all who knew him. The famous Skye poetess, *Mairi Nighean Alastair Ruaidh*, composed a touching lament in his memory, which is given at length in Mackenzie's "*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*." His own sister also composed an elegy of considerable merit, in which his praises and personal prowess are set forth. The celebrated Patrick Mor MacCrimmon, Macleod of Dunvegan's family piper, commemorated the sad event by composing the famous *Piobaireachd*, "John Garbh Macleod of Raasay's Lament," one of the most pathetic, and greatest favourites among crack pipers on appropriate occasions to the present day.

He married, shortly before his death, Janet, third daughter of Sir Roderick Mor Macleod of Dunvegan, and, dying without issue, the male representation of the family devolved upon his cousin-german,

VII. ALEXANDER MACLEOD, son of John, second son of Alexander, fourth, and brother of Alexander fifth chief of the family. He seems to have been quite young when he succeeded to the representation of the family, and for a time the estates did not follow the chiefship. "In 1688 Janet and Giles Macleods, *alias* McAlaster Vic Gillechallum were served heirs of line, conquest, and provision to their father, Alexander McLeod *alias* McAlaster Vic Gillechallum of Raasay, who was the son and heir of the deceased Alexander McLeod, *alias* McGillechallum, the grandfather of the said Janet and Giles McLeods *alias* McAlaster Vic Gillichallum, who was the son and heir of Malcolm McLeod

*alias* McGillicallum of Rasay, the great-grandfather of the said Janet and Giles McLeods, *alias* McAlaster Vic Gillicallum of Rasay, in the lands of Rasay, including the towns, lands, islands, lie grassings of Kilmaluack, Ausach, Balliechurne, Balliemeanoch, Inveruig, Glam, Moises, Brochill, with the pertinents of Sciepa-deall, Hallag, Leaghk, Kamiorick, Lieboast, Slagandine, Slachro, Fearne, Stair, Ire, Shuashnesmore, Shuasnesbeg, Inneraross, Boradell, Glen, and Kylehan, and the two islands commonly called Rona and Fladda.\*

It is curious to find that in 1630 Alexander Maclean had been served heir to his father, "Donald M'Leane M'Ferquhard M'Eachen in the same lands.

Alexander Macleod obtained a resignation of the whole estate from his cousins, Janet and Giles, the heirs of line, and secured a charter of all the lands of Raasay in his own favour, dated the 19th of August, 1692, whereupon he was duly infeft in the family estates.

He married Catherine second daughter of Sir Norman Macleod first of Bernera (third son of Sir Roderick Mor Macleod of Dunvegan) by his second wife, Catherine, eldest daughter of Sir James Macdonald, second baronet of Sleat, with issue—a son and successor.

She married secondly Angus Macdonald of Scotus, brother of the celebrated warrior, Alastair Dubh of Glengarry, whose direct male representatives died out in 1868, when the descendant of Alexander Macleod of Raasay's widow, by her second marriage, became chief of Glengarry.

Alexander was succeeded by his son,

VIII. MALCOLM MACLEOD, eighth of Raasay. Though the Chief of Dunvegan finally decided not to join Prince Charles in 1745, Malcolm of Raasay, accompanied by his third son, Dr. Murdoch Macleod of Eyre, and Captain Malcolm Macleod, his nephew, joined the Prince at the head of a hundred of the Macleods of Raasay. Like many other Highland proprietors of that stirring period, Malcolm kept his eldest son out of the Rising, and before he joined the Prince himself he took the precaution to convey the estate to John, his heir and successor, so that, what-

\* *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, Vol. II., Part I, p. 348.

ever might happen, the property should be safe. In the Account of Charge and Discharge by Mr. Murray of Broughton, published in the appendix to Chambers' History of the Rebellion of 1745-6, there is an entry of £20, which had been forwarded to Macleod of Raasay, and another sum of £40, "sent from the wood on the side of Locharkik, by Macleod of Bernera to Macleod of Raza, upon receipt of a letter from him complaining that the former was too small." It would appear, from a note appended to the account, that the complaint was somewhat pointed, for Macleod "wrote with a little too much warmth." So warm was his protest that Mr. Alexander Macleod, younger of Neuck, afterwards of Muiravonside, made an apology to Mr. Murray for him "and begged that it might not prevent from sending a [second] supply." After the battle of Culloden, old Macleod found his way back in safety to Raasay, where for a time he continued in hiding. The Government search was, however, getting so close, and the danger of capture by the enemy becoming more likely every day, that he determined upon removing for greater security to a more inaccessible place on the mainland. For this purpose he escaped to the wilds of Knoydart, the property of his friend John Macdonell of Glen-garry, whose second son, Angus, was "out," though he remained at home himself on the same principle upon which Raasay kept his own eldest son out of personal participation in the struggle—to protect the estate.

Malcolm married Mary, daughter of Alexander Macleod, III. of Applecross, by his first wife, Anne, daughter of Alexander Fraser, Tutor of Lovat by his wife, Sibella, daughter of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, and widow of John Macleod XIV. of Harris and Dunvegan. By this lady Macleod of Raasay had issue—

1. John, his heir and successor.
2. Norman, an officer in the service of the States General.
3. Dr. Murdoch of Eyre, in Skye, who married and had issue, Malcolm Macleod of Eyre and others.
4. Janet who, in 1743, married, as his second wife, John Mackinnon of Mackinnon with issue—(1) Charles who, born in 1753,

became Chief of Mackinnon ; (2) Lauchlan, who died, unmarried, in Jamaica ; and (3) a daughter, Margaret.

5. Florence, who married Roderick Macdonald of Sandaig ; and secondly Archibald Macqueen of Totterome, Isle of Skye.

Malcolm was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be continued.)

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#### UNPUBLISHED PROVERBS.

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*Is beag an uidhe nach dean uidhe.*

Time is lost by even a little tarrying.

*Is fhearr greim caillich na tagar rìgh*

An old wife's grip is better than a king's claim.

*Ged is mor Creag-a-Chodh, is beag a math.*

Though Creag-Coe is big, it is useless.

[Said by a man who was complimented on the size of his wife—a useless body.]

*Is minig bha 'm posadh luath na phosadh truagh, 's am posadh mall na phosadh dall.*

Often is an early marriage a poor marriage, and a late marriage often a blind marriage.

*Is iomadh cu coimheach rinn tabhan teth 'n Raineach.*

Many a strange dog has barked hotly in Rannoch.

*Crathaidh an cu 'earball ris an neach a bheir do.*

The dog will wag his tail for him who gives him something.

## I.—THE ORIGIN OF THE CLAN MACLEAN.

[By the REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.]

THE founder of the Clan Maclean was Gilleain na Tuaighe—Gilleain of the Battle-axe. The name Gilleain, or Gille-Eoin, is of ecclesiastical origin, and means servant of John. Gilleain was thus a person who had been dedicated at his baptism to the service of John, the Apostle. The fact that he was known as Gilleain na Tuaighe does not indicate, however, that he walked very much in the footsteps of that man of peace.

It is held by some witness that the Macleans are of Norman origin. Gilleain, it is maintained, was a son of John Fitz-Thomas, chief of the Geraldines in Ireland, who was descended from a certain Otho that came over to England with William the Conqueror. This theory is of comparatively recent origin. Probably the earliest trace of it on record is to be found in a manuscript history of the Clan Mackenzie, written by George, First Earl of Cromarty, in 1669. It has no foundation upon which to rest. Besides, it is contrary to well-known facts. It is simply the invention of those Highland genealogists of the sixteenth century who believed it was more honourable to be descended from some Danish pirate, Norman knight, or Irish kingling than from an honest farmer, hunter, or shepherd of their own glens. It stands upon a level with the absurd notion that the Kelts of Scotland and Ireland are descended from Gathelus and Scota, daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt.

Dr. Kennedy, in his "Dissertation on the Royal Line of the Stuarts," and the Rev. John Beaton, the last seanachaidh of the Macleans of Duart, trace Gilleain back to Erc, an Irish chieftain, and through Erc to Aonghas Tuirmeach Teamhrach, an ancient monarch of Ireland. Erc was the father of Loarn, Angus, and Fergus, the founders of the kingdom of Dalriada in Argyleshire, where they settled about 506 A.D. According to the Irish annalists, Aonghas Tuirmeach Teamhrach, or Angus of many descendants, who lived in Tara, was a very good king, and ruled over Ireland during the long period of sixty years.



It is, of course, impossible to prove that Gilleain was not descended from one of the three sons of Erc. At the same time we have no evidence upon which we can depend to show that he was. So far as Aonghas Tuirmeach Teamhrach is concerned, he may or may not have existed.

That the Macleans are of purely Highland origin may be regarded as an unquestionable fact. Skene, who has studied Scottish history more thoroughly than any other man living, maintained this view quite firmly both in his "Highlanders of Scotland" and in that magnificent work, "Celtic Scotland." Indeed, we cannot see how any man in the light of the present age could hold any other view.

About the year 1160 Malcolm IV. King of Scotland removed a large number of the old inhabitants of the district of Moray from their homes, and planted strangers from the Lowlands in their place. Skene, in his "Highlanders of Scotland," started the theory that among the peoples removed by King Malcolm from their homes in Moray were the ancestors of the Macleans. He considered it not "unlikely that Glenurchart was their original residence." He regarded the district of Lorn as their oldest seat in Argyleshire—the place to which they had been removed by King Malcolm. This theory, so far as we can see, has no foundation. There is not any real evidence to show that the ancestors of the Macleans had ever lived in the district of Moray.

The Macleans are descended from Sean Dughall Sgainne, Old Dugald of Scone. This Dugald, who was a venerable and just man, occupied an influential position in Perthshire in his day. He must have flourished about the year 1100.—*Skene's Celtic Scotland*, page 343, and also page 480.

Old Dougald of Scone had a son named Raingce. Raingce had three sons—Cucatha, Cusithe, and Cuduiligh. Cucatha, or dog of battle, was the progenitor of the Clan Conchatha in the district of Lennox, and Cusithe, or dog of peace, the progenitor of the Clan Consithe, in Fife. Of these clans we know nothing. It is possible that by the Clan Concatha the Colquhouns are meant. Cuduiligh became lay abbot of the Monastery of Lismore in Argyleshire. He had a son named Niall. Niall had a son named Rath, or Macrath. Rath, it is said, was married to a sister

of Somerled, Sombairle Mor Mac Gillebride, who was slain at Renfrew in 1164. He had a son named Gilleain, or Gille-Eoin. This Gilleain was the founder of the Clan Maclean.

There is a tradition to the effect that the Macleans and the Mackenzies are descended from a common ancestor. It is thus referred to by John Maclean, Am Bard MacGilleain, in his *Marbhrann Thighearna Chola* :—

“ Bhiodh Mac-Coinnich air ghluasad  
Ann ad aobhar, 's bu dual da bhi ann ;  
Is gu'n robh sibh 'shliochd bhraithrean  
A bha ainmeil ri 'n la anns a' champ.”

That a close friendship existed between the Macleans and the Mackenzies is quite certain. Sir Lachlan Mor Maclean sent his son and heir, Hector, to be educated in the house of Cailean Cam, 11th Mackenzie of Kintail. Again, when Sir John Maclean was a child he was sent for protection from the Campbells to the Earl of Seaforth, with whom he lived several years. But whilst these things are true, we have no ground for supposing that the two clans were originally related. Gilleain, the ancestor of Coinneach, the founder of the Clan Mackenzie, was known as Gilleain na h'Airde. It is thus certain that he lived either in Aird Mhic-Shimi in Inverness-shire, or in Aird Rois, the name by which the mountainous region in the centre of Ross-shire was designated in early times. That the latter was his place of residence is highly probable. But Gilleain na Tuaighe lived in Argyleshire, and his ancestor, Sean Dughall Sgainne, in Perthshire. It is evident then that there is no foundation for the supposition that the Macleans and the Mackenzies are branches from the same stock.

GEORGE, FIFTH EARL OF CAITHNESS OF THE  
SINCLAIR LINE.

[BY GEORGE M. SUTHERLAND, F.S.A. SCOT., WICK.]

*(Continued.)*

IN 1872, Dr. Charles Rogers, while engaged in some antiquarian researches in the Public Record office, found MSS. of some interest, bearing on the Scottish nobility; and these form the subject of a neat volume which he afterwards published, under the name of "Estimate of the Scottish nobility during the minority of James the Sixth." The following is a reference to the Earl of Caithness from that volume as contained in a chapter of "The list and characters of the nobility." "Kathnes, George Sinclair, half-brother to this Erle Bothuille, by the mother's syde, is a youth of XVII years of age, under the tutorie of the Erle of Gowrie, who hath his wardeshipp (a cause of the late unkindness and harte burninge between him and Bothuille). Of his religion and inclination there is yet lyttle tryall. His power extendes over the bondes of Cathness, although the Erle Marischall and the Lord Oliphonte be porcioners with him of that countreye." It appears from a document called "The present state of Scotland," that the Earl of Caithness was more kindly disposed to France than to England. In a note of the "Especiall particularities concerning the present estate of the nobility here in Scotland (with Genealogical Notices by Lord Burghley)," the Earl of Caithness is described as follows: E. of Cathnesse, N. Sinklar, of XXIIItie yeares. His mother, a Heburne, sister to the E. Bothuell, and mother to this E. Bodwell, now livinge. So Bothuell and Cathnesse brothers by the mother side. His wife sister to the E. Huntley. The Mr. of Cathness, his brother of XXIItie yeares. His sonne and heire of 3 or 4 yeares. His lands in Cathnes."

In 1591, the Earl of Caithness figures among a list of "the papists and discontented Earls and Lords of Scotland," and under a list of "The present state of the nobility in Scotland," in the year 1592, there is the following allusion to him, among references of a somewhat similar character to others.—Erles, Survaynes

Religion : Cathnes—Sinckler—Neut : their ages : of 20 yerres ; his mother Hebburne, sister to Bothwell that died in Danemark, married this Huntlaie's sister.

From the above it appears that he was neither a Protestant nor a Roman Catholic, but a neutral—one whose religious convictions are guided to a considerable extent by public and private policy. In 1602 there is an entry about him as follows in "The Names and Titles of Erles and Lords of Scotland":—"In Catnes—George Erle of Catnes, of surname Sinclere ; he married Gorden, sister to George, now Marqwes of Huntley, and by her hath children." There is not a very pleasing description of him in "A Catalogue of the Scottis Nobilitis," for he is set forth in this way—"The Erll of Kaitness, callit Sinklar, half-brother to Bothwell of the mother's syd ; Catholique, a violent, bloody man." It seems that a very brief time transferred him from the ranks of the neutrals in religion to the Roman Catholic faith.

Alexander Earl of Sutherland had in 1583 acquired the Superiority of Strathnaver, and also the office of Heritable Sheriff of both Sutherland and Strathnaver. These were given by the Earl of Huntley to the Earl of Sutherland, but the Earl of Caithness was very much dissatisfied at the conduct of his own relative in adding to the influence and power of his principal opponent. Lord Caithness made a strong representation to Huntley on the subject, and the latter was willing to defer somewhat to the wishes of the Earl of Caithness. Huntley no doubt approached the Earl of Sutherland with the view of giving effect to the wishes of Lord Caithness, but, as Sir Robert Gordon informs us, the Earl of Sutherland stood on his dignity, "and refused flatlie to yield up agane or restore the said Superioritie either to the Earle of Huntlie or to the Earl of Cathaynes, seeing the bargane was alreadie past and finished, whereat the Earle of Huntley was somewhat offended, until he was reconciled unto Earle Alexander shortlie thereafter by the mediatoun of Sir Patrick Gordon of Auchindoun."

For one reason or other there was not much love between Earl Alexander and Earl George, and notwithstanding the agreements at which they arrived occasionally, it required very little offence from either side to break the bonds of peace. In 1587 a new

ground of quarrelling arose. George Gordon, a relative and retainer of the Earl of Sutherland, had shown many acts of indignity to the Earl of Caithness and his servants on going to Edinburgh from Girnigoe Castle, or in returning therefrom. This man Gordon resided at Strathully, not far from the borders of Caithness. It appears that he and his party waylaid some servants of the Earl of Caithness, who were proceeding to Edinburgh, that he cut the tails of the horses, and wished the servants to tell Earl George what he had done. The Earl of Caithness reported the circumstances to the Earl of Sutherland, but the latter declined to interfere. Sir Robert Gordon, on the other hand, maintains that the Earl of Caithness did not inform the Earl of Sutherland of what had happened, although strongly advised by Huntlie to do so, and he therefore tries to make out that the Earl of Caithness was so defiant and, in short, so unreasonable as not to bring the matter before Earl Alexander. But in any event, whether Earl Alexander refused to give redress, or Earl George refused to lay his complaints before his brother of Sutherland, one thing is certain that the Earl of Caithness made up his mind to administer justice at his own hands. Accordingly he sent a picked body of men from Caithness, who surrounded Gordon's house. Gordon fought as well as he could, but he was placed at a disadvantage. He rushed from his residence and attempted to cross the Helmsdale river, but in crossing he was killed with arrows. The Earl of Sutherland, on hearing what had taken place, demanded satisfaction for the slaughter of his kinsman from the Earl of Caithness. Earl George breathed defiance to the messenger, and hinted that if he had any respect for his own neck he would take himself to Sutherlandshire without further ceremony. Sutherland therefore made up his mind to have ample revenge, and this opens up a new chapter of hostilities that took place between the rival clans of Sutherland and Caithness.

The forces of the Earls forthwith mustered at Helmsdale river—each force being on the opposite side of the river. Slight skirmishing took place, and Lord Caithness was assisted by Mackay and his Strathnaver men. Through the mediation of some friends a truce was latterly patched up, but in this arrangement Mackay was left out, as Earl Alexander urged that Mackay being

a vassal of his own could be no party to the truce that had been agreed to. At this Mackay was highly incensed; and it was further agreed between the two Earls that they should meet at Edinburgh to adjust their differences. The meeting at Edinburgh came off, and it was apparently the chief object of the Earl of Sutherland to get the Earl of Caithness to join him in an attempt to crush the Mackays. They therefore entered into a secret treaty to have this done, but Earl George conveyed the hint to Mackay of what had been resolved upon. Evidently Mackay could not place much reliance on the Earl of Caithness, for he thought it his better policy to arrange terms with the Earl of Sutherland. The truce between the Earls expired on September, 1588, and on their return from Elgin, the Earl of Sutherland demanded satisfaction from the Earl of Caithness for the slaughter of George Gordon. This the Earl of Caithness declined, or at least delayed to do, whereupon the Earl of Sutherland sent a force of 200 men, under two of the Gordons into the parish of Latheron. The result was that they wasted and destroyed the whole parish, and captured a great many cattle, which they took to Sutherland and divided among the company. This expedition was known as the "Creach Larn," or the harrying of Latheron.

In the meantime the Earl of Sutherland was active enough, for he desired to be protected by the power of the State in his dealings with the Earl of Caithness. On this account he obtained a commission from the Privy Council against the Earl of Caithness for the death of George Gordon. The Earl at once assembled all his forces for the purpose of executing his commission, and he then invaded the county of Caithness. His main object was an attempt to get a hold of the Earl of Caithness, but the Earl wisely shut himself up in his impregnable Castle of Girnigoe. The Sutherland men sat before it twelve days, but all they could do was simply to look at it. This took place in the year 1588. The principal exploit of the Sutherlands was the burning of the town of Wick, an achievement which must have cost very little trouble, considering that at the time the town merely consisted of a few thatched houses. Sir Robert Gordon, writes that the people of Caithness ran to all quarters on hearing of the approach of the Sutherland host, who even pursued the Sinclairs all the way to



Duncansbay. He states "They burnt and wasted the town of Wick, bot they saiffed the Church, wher the last Earl of Catteynes, his heart was found in a case of lead; the ashes of which heart wes throwne with the wind by John MacGilchalm Rasey." The Earl of Sutherland devastated the whole country, and took with him therefrom vast herds of cattle. This great spoliation was called *La-ne-Craigh-Moir*, meaning thereby the day of the great slaughter or spoil. But a conference took place mid-way between Wick and Girnigoe Castle, when all matters of controversy were referred to arbitration, the Earl of Huntly being appointed umpire and oversman. A truce was therefore concluded—the Earl of Sutherland, as Sir Robert writes, "being satisfied with the harme and spoile wes then alreadie done," retired to Sutherland "having lost in that journey bot one man, who wes slain in the water of Weik, stragling behind the army."

The truce was of short duration. The Earl of Caithness no doubt strongly resented the expeditions into his territories by the Earl of Sutherland, and in retaliation he sent parties into Sutherland to do as much mischief as possible in that county. Sir James Sinclair of Murkle on one occasion killed three of the sentinels or border watchers of the Earl of Sutherland, but the fourth escaped and gave the alarm. Sinclair was, however, defeated after a very stiff battle, and Earl Alexander once more prepared for the invasion of Caithness, into which indeed he advanced as far as Corrieboich in Braemore. The Earl of Huntly again intervened, with the result that the Earls of Caithness and Sutherland entered into a solemn compact by which they referred all their differences to Huntly. This agreement only remained in force for a few weeks, when quarrels again broke out. The battle of Clyne followed, and it was one of the hardest fought battles that ever took place between the rival houses. On this occasion, in the year 1589, the Earl of Caithness was assisted by Donald Balloch Mackay of Scourie. The battle raged for a long time, and it was only ended by night coming on. Both sides suffered severely. But while the Caithness men were away at this battle, the Mackays invaded the district of Caithness between the borders of Sutherland and the town of Thurso, and caused much loss and damage to the inhabitants.

*(To be continued.)*

## SNATCHES OF SONG COLLECTED IN BADENOCH.

## No. X.

NUMERLESS are the stray verses which have floated, as it were, upon their own music, through many generations. One is almost vexed to see them in print. Best perhaps to let them take their course, until at length they pass quietly into oblivion. No sooner were the ballads of the Borders collected and published, than they ceased to be sung. The charm was gone when they were fully displayed in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century. But chips of song die hard, although it is often difficult to discover what qualities enable them to survive so long, and altogether impossible to explain the circumstances which called them into existence. Take that hoary quatrain often heard of eld beside the domestic hearth :

Dealan-dé diùthachan !  
Thug na téidh am bruthach orra ;  
Chaidh Mac Shimidh as an déigh,  
'S cha d' thig fiadh dhachaidh 'nochd.

Why should an unsuccessful hunting on the part of Lord Lovat be associated for ages with the whirling circles made by a burning stick when moved rapidly around? As well investigate the epic history of Jack and Jill.

Another of these stray verses tells of a summer pasturage among the misty hills. The "dun cattle" referred to were doubtlessly the deer :

Tha 'chailleach 's i bodhar,  
Tha 'm bodach 's e càrn ;  
Cha léir dhaibh an crodh odhar,  
Le ceothach nam beann.

There are some stanzas which bear evidence that they originated in wild and troublous times. Two such may be given. Each is a note of warning which had been sung by pitying female to arouse the intended victim to a sense of imminent and mortal danger. Of the first I know nothing further than that it is adapted to the air of "Crodh Chailen":

Nach dùisg thu ! nach dùisg thu !  
 Nach dùisg thu, 'fhir ruaidh !  
 'S an fhoill air do chùl-thaobh,  
 Nach dùisg thu, 'fhir ruaidh !

The next is altogether gruesome, and is connected with a dismal tale. A traveller in a lonely inn hears a nurse lulling a child to sleep by her songs, in an adjoining apartment. As soon as she thinks that she has attracted his attention, she improvises a verse to convey her terrible warning. He springs to his feet, and soon discovers that there is a corpse underneath his couch. He makes good his escape, and eventually marries the songstress :

Hé ! am beil thu 'd chadal idir ?  
 Hé ! am beil thu 'd chadal trom ?  
 Laimhsich stigh fo do leabaidh,  
 Gheibh thu 'n gairdean rag 's e trom.

The scene of the well-known legend which Scott has connected with "Glenfinlas," in his ballad of that name, the seanachies of Badenoch have always laid in Gaick. When the hunter escaped from the demons by stratagem, and leapt upon the stallion's back, he sung this verse of weird sough :

Tha gaoth mhòr air Loch-an-t-Seilich,  
 Tha gaoth eil' air Loch-na-Dùin ;  
 Ruigidh mise Loch-a' Bhrodainn,  
 Mu'n téid cadal air mo shùil.

From these themes dark and dread it is pleasant to turn to the fine spirited catch whose measures, even, attest the high hopes which animated the enthusiastic Jacobites in the North before Culloden :

"Théid sinn chogadh ris a Phrionns',"  
 Thu'irt Diùc Uilleam, thu'irt Diuc Uilleam ;  
 "Sud an cogadh nach téid leinn"  
 Thu'irt na gilleam, thu'irt na gilleam,

A "land question" had occupied the thoughts of a certain maiden long ago. She explains that if she had the disposal of properties she knew a fair-haired Charles who would not then be landless :

Ach nam bithinn raoghainn na fearainn,  
 Cha bhiodh Tearlach Ruadh dhe falamb,  
 Bu leats' Strath-Eireann is Strath-Naruinn,  
 Ard-na-Saoire 's Clach-na-h-Aire,

Fhuair thu mi 'nam chaileig shuaraich,  
'S mi leigeil a' chruidh 's a' bhuaille.

Sgealb thu 'n eogan 's bhris thu 'm buarach,  
'S thog thu mi gu gnìomh mnà uailse.

Once upon a time there dwelt beside the Spey a damsel of such surpassing beauty that her charms were proclaimed everywhere from the Toll-house to Castle Gordon. The Duchess Jane recommended the Marquis of Huntly to make her his own, and to give her a fine horse on which she might ride to church on Sunday. John of the Toll is equally enthusiastic in her praise :

Thu'irt 'Bhan-Diùc ris a' Mharcais,  
"Mhorair Shebrais ! thoir leat i,  
'Chaileag bhòidheach do'n Chaisteal,  
Thoir each mòr dhi 'ga mharcachd  
"An t-searmoin."

Labhair Iain an Tòil,  
"Sud a' chaileag is bòidhch',  
Eadar Uisid is Cnòideart,  
Amail-ruigh is Gleann Lochaidh,  
Nì sinn suidh' is gun òl sinn  
"Deoch-slàinte,"

Old folks tell of a fair-haired widow who lived in Strone—Bantrach Bhuidhe na Sròine—and who was a celebrated toast in her day. Callum Dubh proclaimed himself very severely smitten. Unless the Rev. Mr. Blair could arrange matters satisfactorily, the poor bard asks of his friends nothing more than a grave :

Tha leann-dubh orm air tàmh,  
'S air mo ghruaidhean tha bhlàth gu tric.  
Dianabh uaigh bhàn dhomh,  
Cha-n 'eil uair dhomh gu tamh an so nis.  
Dh-easbhaidh d' fhaodainn air làimh,  
Agus facal a' Bhlàirich bhi ris',  
Gur è 's furtachd am bàs dhomh,  
Mur cuidich thu 'nàirde mi nis.

Bards have often sung the beauties of their favourite localities. Here are a couple of verses referring to remote and desolate scenes among the Grampians, in the neighbourhood of Kingussie. he aut h or is evidently endeavouring to make the best of things:

Bha mi 'm Bran, an Cuilc, 's an Gàidhig,  
 'N Eadairt agus Leum na Làrach,  
 Am Feisidh mhòir bho 'bun gu 'bràighe,  
 'S b'annsa leam 'bhl 'n Allt-a'-Bhàthaich.

'S mòr a b'fhearr leam 'bhl 'n Drum-Uachdar  
 Na 'bhl 'n Gàidhig nan creag gruamach,  
 Far am faicinn ann na h-uailsean  
 'S iùbhaidh dhearg air bharr an gualainn.

Glentromie, which lies between the valley of the Spey and Gaick, finely wooded, and nestling under the shelter of Croila, is well worthy of this apostrophe—so plaintive and so beautiful :

Gleann Tromaidh nan siantan,  
 Leam bu mhiann bhi 'nad fhasgath,  
 Far am faighinn a' bhroighleag,  
 An oighreag 's an dearcag,  
 Cnòthan donn air a' challtuinn,  
 'S iasg dearg air na h-casan.

I suppose that the names connected with every countryside in the Highlands have been fashioned into rhyme. The heights enumerated below belongs to that portion of the Monadh Liath range between Kingussie and Craig Dhubb.—

Creag-bheag Chinn-a' ghiùbhsaich,  
 Creag-mhòr Bhail'-a' chrothain,  
 Beinne-bhuidhe na Sròine,  
 Creag-an-lòin aig na croitean,  
 Sithean-mòr Dhail-a' Chaorainn,  
 Creag-an-abhaig a' Bhail'-shlos,  
 Creag-liath a' Bhail'-shuas,  
 'S Creag-dhubb Bhiallaid.  
 Cadha 'n-fhéidh Lochain-ubhaidh,  
 Cas is mollaicht' tha ann,  
 Cha-n fhàs feur no fodar ann,  
 Ach sochagan is dearcagan-allt,  
 Gobhar air aodainn,  
 A's laosboc air a'cheann.

I may here set down the fragment of a lament which bears that it was composed by Captain Andrew Macpherson of Ralia upon a comrade—perhaps Eoghann òg, Bhreacachaidh—and his brother. There is something peculiarly touching in this single stanza, and I would fain hope that it may not now be impossible

to obtain at least some further portion of the elegy to which it belongs.

Rìgh ! gur mòr mo chuid mhulaid,  
Gar n-urra mi 'luaidh,  
Mu Eòghann 's mu Iain,  
Da chridhe gun ghruaim.  
'S tric a bheum do làmh teine,  
Taobh Loch Eireachd so shuas,  
Leis a' ghunna nach diùltadh,  
'S leis an fhudar chaol, chruaidh.

Gur e 'm fear a tha cainnt ort,  
Caipitean Aindrea 'n Ra'-Léith.

A certain bridegroom, accompanied by the customary train of young men and maidens, was gaily journeying to the house of the bride. Beside a knoll near the road, a sorrowful damsel sat and sang. The bridegroom recognises the form and the voice of her whom he had jilted for one more richly endowed with this world's goods. He cannot proceed a step further. He desires his companions to go to a neighbouring inn, where he promises shortly to rejoin them. Then he listens until that melting strain, which held him spellbound, ceased; whereupon, in manner fitting, he protests that neither wealth nor plenishing could ever more seduce his heart from "the meek and modest maid of excellent parentage" who had first gained his affections. And the marriage-party waited long, but in vain.

Such is the legend in connection with one of the most exquisite pastoral lyrics in the language. Throughout the whole there is not a single weak couplet. It is a remarkable fact that I cannot remember ever to have seen it in any collection of Gaelic poetry. The images of pastoral life, combined with enchanting natural scenery, so skilfully introduced by the songstress, were indeed well fitted to stir deep emotions in the heart of her Celtic lover. Such expressions as "Gleannan cuthagach, cuachach," are "Homeric" in a high degree.

Nì mi suidh agus crùban,  
'S chan-n 'eil sùgradh air m' aire.

Ann am bun an tuim riabhaich,  
Far na liath mi 's mi 'n chaileig.



'S mi 'nam chaileig bhoichd, ghòraich,  
Bu mhòr mo dhòigh ri na fearaibh.

Ceisd nam ban thug iad bhuam thu,  
Ghleannain uaigneich a' bharraich.

Gleannan cuthagach, cuachach,  
'San cinn an luachair 's an cannach.

Gheibhte crodh ann air bhualtibh,  
Agus gruagaichean glana,

'Toirt na laoigh bhuap' air eiginn,  
'S iad 'g an séideadh le 'n anail.

Gheibht' ann cnothan a's caorrann,  
'S iad, a ghaoil ! air bhlas meala.

Cnothan cruinn air a' challtuinn  
'S thus', a' ghraidh ! 's mi 'g an tional.

Mile marbhaig air mo chairdean,  
'S beag a b' fheird mi dhe 'n tional.

Bho nach d' thug iad dhomh stòras,  
Airson do bhòidhchead a cheannach.

'Sann a thog iad mòr-sgeul oirn,  
Gun robh mi-féin a's tu falamh.

Nach robh airgead 'nar pòca,  
Na cheanneachadh stop 'san tigh-leanna.

Ge b'e dh' aithris an sgeul ud,  
Rìgh féin, bu mhòr am mearachd.

Tha trì fìthead bò ghualach,  
Air do bhuaile, 's gum b'airidh !

'S uiread eile chrodh ciar-dhubh,  
Tighinn nuas a Bun Ranaich.

Gheibhte sud leat air àiridh,  
'S greigh do làraichean-searraich.

Trì fìthead do ghobhar,  
'S làn fonn chaorach geala.

'S ged a thu'irt iad Iain Caol riut,  
Bha iad faoin an am barail.

Bha do shlios mar an fhaoilinn,  
'S do dhà thaobh mar an eala.

Bha do phòg mar na h-ùbhlán,  
'S d'anail chùbhraidh mar chanal.

Gur ann oidhche do bhàinnse,  
Dh' fhàs thu ceannsgalach, fearail.

Le do fhleasgaichibh òga,  
'G òl air bòrd 's an tigh-leanna,

Le do mhaighdeanaibh riomhach,  
Làn sìod agus anairt.

Ach mur fhaigh mi dhìot tuille,  
Dian mo chuireadh gu d' bhanais.

Gu banais an òig-fhìr,  
Dha'n robh mo dhòigh bho chionn tamuill.

Ged nach dianainn ach gàire,  
Chumail càch as am barail.

'S ceannaich dhomh-sa paidhir làmhainnean,  
'S na bì gann rium mu 'n anart.

Agus ciste dhe 'n uinnsinn,  
Thèid 'g am chuibhrig fo 'n talamh

'S ge b' e taobh do'n teid thu,  
A rìgh fein ! gur tu mhealas.

ESAN.

Ach na mealadh mi-féin iad,  
Mu theid mi 'gan gabhail.

'S cha dian mi do threigsinn,  
Airson féadail no earrais.

Bean gun lasadh gun àrdan,  
'S a càirdean bhì ro-mhath.

It is evident that there are a few verses awaiting in this version of the ballad, although it has been collected from notes after the recitation of various persons.

T. S.

## ALEXANDER MACDONALD, THE POET.

[By Rev. JOHN KENNEDY.]

ALEXANDER MACDONALD, or Mac Mhaighstir Alastair—the name by which he is popularly known—was born about the year 1700 A.D. He was the son of Rev. Alexander Macdonald, who was parish minister of Ardnamurchan before the Revolution, but who was deposed in 1697 for non-jurancy. Alexander was the second son of a large family, and, as was natural, his father meant him to follow in his own footsteps and become a preacher; but this proposal, on account of his own disinclination, or, some suppose, at the instigation of his chief, who wished him to study law, was not entertained. For some years he was a student of the Glasgow University, which held then, as still, a high educational position. What academical success attended his career is not recorded, or how long it continued; but the familiarity with the classics which is manifest in his poems proves that he had put the period to good account. At an early age he married Jane Macdonald of the family of Dail-an-Eas in Glenetive, and shortly afterwards settled down as teacher in his native parish—first in a small, then in the principal, school.

When the Highland Chiefs in 1745 rose in arms to support the claims of Charles Stuart, the poet's patriotism and loyalty found expression not merely in song, but in active deeds with the army under the younger Clanranald. He received a commission, but shared fully in all the disasters of that disastrous campaign, and finally lost all that he possessed. After the defeat of Culloden he had recourse to concealment amid the wilds of Arisaig and Moidart; but after the Indemnity Act was passed he received from Clanranald the appointment of land-steward of the Island of Canna.

In 1751 we find him in Edinburgh unsuccessfully in quest of a position as teacher; and in some respects like his more famous countryman and fellow-poet—Burns—returning home to obscurity and the ordinary routine of life, and residing at a place called Sandaig where "he died at a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers in Eilean Fionain in Loch-Shiel."

It is readily granted that Mac Mhaighstir Alastair was, with the exception of Ewen MacIachlan, the most learned of Gaelic bards: and, for that reason, the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge entrusted to him the compilation of the first Gaelic vocabulary—which was published in 1741. Ten years afterwards he published his own poems under the suggestive title, *Ais-eiridh na Seann Chanain Albannaich*—"The Resurrection of the Old Highland Language"—the first volume of Gaelic poetry given to the world. In this sense he was a great pioneer, and still holds the foremost place. His poems have been at least five times republished, but it is unfortunate that many of his metrical compositions have been lost.

All Macdonald's poems are lyric—the spontaneous outburst of a heart overflowing with emotion; and as it is not possible to arrange them in chronological order, except approximately according to internal evidence, the following classification may be accepted as at least convenient:—

I. Love Songs.

II. Patriotic and Jacobite Songs.

III. Descriptive Poems.

The book opens aptly with a song in praise of the old Gaelic language—a song from which quotations is still rife. Beginning broadly he assigns as the prerogative and purpose of all language to reveal and communicate thought and to praise God. He then particularises and reflects the belief of his time that Gaelic dates from the days of Eden.

"'S i labhair Adhamh,  
Ann am Pàrras féin  
'S bu shiubhlach Gàilig  
Bho bheul àluinn Eubh."

A contrast is then drawn between Gaelic and Latin, Greek and French, and pre-eminence attributed to the first—specially in satirical epithet and effect.

Then we have the bard's invocation to the Muses—not to the Malvina of Ossian or any Celtic ones, but to "the nine daughters of high Jove," who are individually and appropriately addressed. The material parentage of "mild Mnemosune" is not omitted. The whole picture indicates that the poet's classical training was

not in vain—all are asked to aid him in his undertaking. "Clio fair and firstborn," "Urania of the golden keys," "Calliope load-star of song," "Euterpe rich in strains and ready to criticise," "Erato, eloquent, source of song," "Melpomene super-abundant font of inspiration," "Terpsichore of woods and verse," "Polyhymnia youngest and fairest," "Thalia with nectar divine—favour my soul and lip with flowing song." Nor does he forget Apollo, and Minerva—patron of poets, whose aid he pleads—and if vouchsafed, he doubts not of success.

So much by way of introduction. We come now to his

I. *Love Songs*—and first among them stands unrivalled "Moladh Mhòraig," pronounced to be "one of the finest productions of the Celtic Muse." The divisions of it are peculiar to Gaelic poetry. They are called "Urlar" and "Siubhal," for which there are no corresponding terms in English. They seem to have been connected with bagpipe music, in which there are pauses and marches that are thus indicated. There is no discontinuity in thought, only in outward form—the effect of which is to enliven the composition.

He opens with a description of a wood, in which Morag is the central figure—bringing the Rosalind of Shakespeare to one's recollection. Then comes a playful allusion to rival beauty, and a full portraiture of Morag. She has an eye like a blue-berry upon a dewy morn, cheeks coloured like the orange, and harplike harmony. As the sun among the stars, she is peerless among the maidens—a guiding star among the stars undimmed. Thus sings he, till he is lost in wonder and in the wood, and asks whether Morag can possibly be of earth. Then comes a contrast with others he had known, but she excels them all. Again he awakens with the dawn, and goes forth with Phoebus to find suitable emblems in the forest and among the roses. Venus and Dido help his song in praise of her whose teeth are as the driven snow. As an example of abundant, but yet not superfluous, epithet, the following may suffice:—

" My heart is all but broken  
Since I saw thy golden locks,  
In twisted folds of beauty  
Curled and twirled  
In ringlets, folded o'er,

Wavy, glorious—  
 In starry circles,  
 As if with pearls adorned,  
 Or powdered in fashion—  
 Fair, sun-kissed, and golden hair."

The next that may be mentioned is "Morag" which, though in the guise of a love-song is really an invocation to Charles Stewart, who is represented as a young maiden with wavy locks of yellow hair—to return with a party of maidens—that is, with an army to crush the English force. After descanting on the personal qualities of Morag—of the Prince—he shows how many in the Highlands have fallen in love with her, and how ready they are to fall in her cause—not merely "to gain the bauble reputation at the cannon's mouth," but out of pure devotion. Then follows an enumeration of the districts where such true and loyal men are to be found, all armed and prepared for action.

Another well-known and popular love-lyric is "Cuachag an Fhàsaich" in which the attractions of a dairymaid are set forth. Dairymaids are great favourites among the Gaels, and recall the time when they were a wholly pastoral race. All the incidents connected with such a life are fondly dwelt on—rising early to milk the kine, accompanying them to the hill or plain, returning at mid-day or milking-time, going in quest of them when the shades of evening begin to fall, and finally setting them up for the night. In all this we have a very touching and true picture of happiness.

Next we have a pretty lyric full of poetry in which the bard dwells on the charms of his wife. The language is very fine, but in some cases it is somewhat extravagant. He supposes that all the elements must have combined and exerted their utmost powers in order to produce her—their fairest work. She has the appearance of an angel, but withal a maiden's grace. He concludes by saying:—She is lively, wise, songful, and thrifty—the precious fair one whose hand is ever active.

II. We come now to the *Jacobite or Patriotic* songs. We have already seen that Macdonald was an ardent admirer of Prince Charles, and that all the ability and talent he possessed were freely used in support of the latter's claim. As is well known the Highland Clans rose as one man in favour of the Stewart, and against



the Hanoverian, line or dynasty. It was a time when feeling ran high, and when also it found convenient expression in song. It is hardly conceivable what influence one popular song exercises in such circumstances over a race capable of being deeply moved, and most enthusiastic when roused to action. The Scottish national song, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," is a good instance and illustration of this—as is also the one now to be considered.

"The song of the Clans" is a spirited address to the respective Highland Clans to come forward, and to aid in placing Charles on the throne. All craven-hearted or half-hearted are bid stay at home as hinderers of the good cause and hamperers of the zeal and energy of the rest. Æolus will send a raging wind against the enemy, and Neptune will smooth the sea for the brave and loyal. The people are compared to a helpless brood—the mother gone—or a flock of gentle lambs at the mercy of the fox.

The Clans are individually described—their valour, fidelity, character, indicated. It may be condensed thus:—

The true Macdonalds with martial fire  
The foe they shall level soon upon the heath,  
The brave Campbells led by the great Argyll  
Shall boldly face and fell the enemy ;  
The warlike Macphersons with Cluny at their head  
Blood shall freely shed by their dexterous lance.  
The spirited Macleans their blades shall not let rust ;  
The heroic Macleods shall win or die ;  
The stalwart Camerons with lance like flash of lightning,  
Head and heart and hand shall smash as against rocks ;  
The ready Johnsons as burning heather under wind—  
Or with horses dashing, fast as spark-enkindled powder.  
The sure Mackenzies of Kintail, bold and strong  
With true steel, tempered to fear no foe ;  
The proud MacIntosh in order and in strength  
Shall strike the oppressor to the ground,  
The stately Grants as tiger bold and fierce  
Shall lay many a struggling foeman low.  
The Frasers of surpassing strength and skill—  
Woe betide the man that feels their arm.  
The bold McLauchlans with the poisoned arrows  
In haste to front and feel the steel ;  
The swift Mackinnons, skilled in war,  
Shall dash as waves against the shore—

Thick shall be the dead upon the field—  
Food for greedy ravens and hungry carrion ;  
Sad shall be the moaning at early morn,  
But crowned with pomp shall be Prince Charlie.

In the same strain is the song "Health to Charlie," which health the bard would drink though death were in the cup. It discusses the characteristics of the Clans, and concludes with a hope that the much-loved Prince shall yet be crowned king—when waxen candles shall be lighted, every castle top illumined, and the jolly cup and cheer shall go round. The reference to candles of wax throws light on the customs of the Highlanders. Firwood cut into small pieces was then, and in some instances still is, their ordinary means of lighting their houses. The next stage in the illuminating process was that of tallow candles ; but these would be superseded by candles of wax on this joyous occasion.

Two songs to the Prince follow in which his prowess is described, and the effect his commanding presence had upon his loyal followers. Their pride and spirit would awaken as they sing—"He comes, he comes—the king we want ; let us be armed and clad in kilt." He predicts the doom of the *Red-coats* with their cockade, and he would gift the maiden—a machine for beheading criminals, still to be seen in the Museum of Antiquaries of Scotland—to the Duke of Cumberland. "But well, and welcome wherever he goes be the Prince."

The song of "The Year of Charles" is a spirited defence and exposition of the claims of the Stewart line. It is aptly set to the tune, "Let History Record," and is evidently intended to reflect and record the incidents of the period. It opens by drawing a gloomy picture of the state of things in the absence of the rightful Prince, but goes on to predict the commencement of a golden epoch in the year of Charles. It recalls and very closely resembles the glowing account given by Horace of the blessings of the reign of Augustus. The earth itself will rejoice and literally the winter of discontent will change into glorious summer by this son of hope. France is looked to with much expectation, and the time believed to be at hand when its wines will flow freely and cheer the heart. The clan bards—a guild well-known among the Celts—are charged to commemorate these events. The sun shines

more benignly, the dew descends more gently, milk and honey flow freely, and silver and gold are abundant. There is nothing to be hoped for from King George, but all from the rightful heir. It is interesting to notice how the poet vindicates the religion or Catholic persuasion of the Prince. He asks, if faith must be placed above everything, is it his fault that he was not educated according to Luther? But if that were the real difficulty and drawback, why should his great-grandfather (Charles I.) have been so ruthlessly put to death. He blames the fickleness of the people as the more likely reason. He looks upon King George as at best a step-father that cannot cherish or care for the Gaelic nation. He pleads for the return of the true father under the Father of all that they may no longer be hunted over mountains, rocks, and wastes.

Macdonald is believed to have had the honour of an interview with the Prince when the royal standard was unfurled at Glenfinnan, and to have recited the following song, "Charles son of James"—in which his loyalty finds expression thus:—"If I could walk beside thee, thy presence would so elate me, and my step would become so elastic, that I should almost fly betwixt earth and sky; and I should feel as if intoxicated with the joys of war.

*(To be continued.)*

## NA TRI COIN NAINNE.\*

BHA ann roimbe so prionnsa agus a phiuthar. Chaochail an athair agus ann mathair, agus bha iadsan a' fuireach cuideachd. Bha am prionnsa dol a mach gach latha d'an mhonadh as deigh nan caorach; agus mus falbhadh e dh' iarradh e air a phiuthair gun a falt a chireadh no an uinneag thuath fhosgladh gus an tigeadh esan dachaidh.

Latha de na laithean co thachair ris ach duine agus tri coin naine aige.

"An ceannaich thu na coin so bhuam?" ars' an duine.

"Gu dearbh chan 'eil dad agamsa bheirinn duit air an son."

"An toireadh tu molt domh air an son?"

"Bheireadh, am fear is fhearr a thaagam."

"Ma ta, theid mise an urras nach gabh thu aithreachas air son sin. Is iad na h-ainmeannan aca Fios, Luaths, agus Trom. An uair a theid thu do 'n bheinn-sheilg cha bhi agad fhein ach suidhe air cnoc agus na coin na chur air falbh, agus bidh fhios aig Fios far am bi na feidh, agus beiridh Luaths orra agus bheir Trom dachaidh iad."

Is ann mar so a bha. Fhuair an duine am molt agus fhuair am prionnsa na coin. An ath mhadainn leis an toileachas a bha air a' phrionnsa dol a mach a' chiad uair d' an bheinn-sheilg leis na coin, dhi-chuimhnich e innseadh d'a phiuthar gun a falt a chireadh no an uinneag thuath fhosgladh gus an tigeadh esan dachaidh. Rainig iad a' bheinn-sheilg. Shuidh am prionnsa e fhein air cnoc agus chuir e air falbh na coin. Bha fhios aig Fios far an robh na feidh, rug Luaths orra, agus thug Trom dachaidh iad. Air an rathad a' tighinn dachaidh, arsa Fios r'a mhaiglistir "Dhi-chuimhnich thu an diugh innseadh do d' phiuthair gun a falt a chireadh no an uinneag thuath fhosgladh gus an tigeadh tusa dachaidh; agus leis a sin an uair a dh' fhalbh thusa thainig tri famhairean ga coimhead; rinn iad uamh fo 'n tigh, agus toll troimh 'n urlar. Air an toll chuir iad *scuttle* (*trap-door*) agus air an *scuttle* cathair; agus rinn iad fhein agus do phiuthar suas etorra gun iarradh ise ortsa suidhe air a' chathair, air chor agus gun tuiteadh tusa sios anus an uaimh agus gun

\* From Mr. Kenneth Macleod, who gathered these tales in Eigg.

### THE THREE GREEN DOGS.\*

THERE were before this a prince and his sister. Their father and mother died, and they were staying together. The prince was going out each day to the hill after the sheep; and before he would go, he would ask his sister not to comb her hair or open the north window until he would come home.

On a day of the days, on his being out in the hill, who met him but a man and he having three green dogs.

"Will you buy these dogs from me?" said the man.

"Indeed, I have nothing that I would give to you for them."

"Would you give a wedder to me for them?"

"I would give the best one that I have."

"Well, I will go witness that you will not take repentance for that. The names to them are Knowledge, Swiftmess, and Heaviness. When you will go to the hunting-hill, you will only have to sit on a hill, and send away the dogs, and Knowledge will have knowledge where the deer will be, and Swiftmess will catch them, and Heaviness will bring them home."

This was how it was. The man got the wedder and the prince got the dogs. The next morning, with the joy that was on the prince going out the first time to the hunting-hill with the dogs, he forgot to tell his sister not to comb her hair, or open the north window, until he would come home. They reached the hunting-hill. The prince himself sat on a hill and sent away the dogs. Knowledge had knowledge where the deer were, Swiftmess caught them, and Heaviness brought them home. On the way coming home, said Knowledge to his master:

"You forgot to-day to tell your sister not to comb her hair, or open the north window, until you would come home; and, with that, when you went away, three giants came to see her. They made a cave under the house, and a hole through the floor. On the hole they put a trap-door and, on the trap-door, a chair; and themselves and your sister made up between them that she would ask you to sit on the chair, so that you would fall down into the cave and that

\* The story of the brother and the sister here and of their relations to the giants, is like the opening portions of the tale of "Fionnladh Choinneachain," which Mr. Carmichael printed in vol. V. of the *Inverness Gaelic Society's Transactions*.

itheadh na famhairean thu. Ach, gabh thusa mo chomhairle-sa agus na suidh idir air a' chathair; agus an uair a bheir thu am brochan againne de 'n teine cairich air an *scuttle* e, agus theid mi fhin agus an da chu eile an carabh a cheile; cuiridh sinn car de 'n phoit, agus de'n *scuttle*, agus tuitidh am brochan mu chinn nam famhairean agus theid an losgadh."

Is ann mar so a bha. An uair a thainig am prionnsa dachaidh thoisich a phiuthar air a ghaolachadh agus air a ghradhachadh agus air iarraidh air suidhe air a' chathair, gur cinnteach gun robh e sgith as deigh tighinn dachaidh as a' bheinn-sheilg.

"Cha shuidh," ars' esan, gu math greannach, "ach suidhidh mi far an togair mi fhin."

Dh' fhalbh e an uair sin agus thug e am brochan de 'n teine agus chuir e air an *scuttle* e. Gu tubaisteach chaidh na coin mu 'n cheart àm a shabaid, agus cuireadar car de 'n phoit agus d'an *scuttle*, Thuit am brochan sìos mu chinn nam famhairean, agus a mach air an dorus a ghabh iad. A mach as an deigh ghabh am prionnsa agus na coin, agus dhall iad orra gus an do chuir iad a stigh dorus na h-uamha iad. Thill iad an sin dachaidh agus ghabh iad mu thamh.

An ath mhadainn chaidh am prionnsa agus na coin d' an bheinn-sheilg. Shuidh am prionnsa fhein air cnoc, agus bha fhios aig Fios far an robh na feidh, rug Luaths orra, agus thug Trom dachaidh iad. An uair a thainig iad dachaidh thuir a phiuthar ris a' phrionnsa, "Tha mi ga d' chur fo gheasa agus fo chroisean agus naoi buaraichean mhnathan-sith, siubhlach, seachranach, agus an laogh beag is meata, agus do chluas, agus do chaithe-beatha dhìot, mur teid thu trì uairean as deigh a cheile do 'n uaimh agus trì gladhan a thoirt aig an dorus."

An uair a chuir iad iad-fhein air doigh chaidh am prionnsa agus na coin a' chiad uair do 'n uaimh am feasgar sin. Chaidh am prionnsa fhein air muin Luaths mus beireadh na famhairean air. Rainig iad an uamh. Thug am prionnsa na trì gladhan as. A mach as an deigh thainig na famhairean, ach cha bheireadh a h-aon aca air Luaths. Chaidh Fios agus Trom an carabh nam famhairean agus mharbh iad aonan diubh. Chaidh iad an sin dachaidh agus ghabh iad mu thamh.

An ath mhadauin chaidh am prionnsa agus na coin do 'n

the giants would eat you. But take you my advice and do not sit at all on the chair ; and when you will take our porridge off the fire, place it on the trap-door, and myself and the other two dogs will go at each other. We shall put a turn of the pot and of the trap-door, and the porridge will fall about the heads of the giants, and they will be burnt."

This was how it was. When the prince came home, his sister began to fondle and caress him, and to ask him to sit on the chair, that sure he was tired after coming home from the hunting-hill.

"I will not sit," said he, very cross, "but I shall sit where myself likes."

He went then and took the porridge off the fire, and put it on the trap-door. Unluckily, the dogs went at this very time to fight, and they put a turn of the pot and of the trap-door. The porridge fell down about the heads of the giants, and out on the door they took. Out after them took the prince and the dogs and they laid at them until they put them within the door of the cave. They went then home and they took to rest.

The next morning, the prince and the dogs went to the hunting-hill. The prince himself sat on a hill, and Knowledge had knowledge where the deer were, Swiftness caught them, and Heaviness brought them home. When they came home, his sister said to the prince, "I am putting you under spells and crosses and nine fetters of fairy-wives, wandering, straying, and the little calf that is weakest and feeblest, to bring your head and your ear and your life off you, if you will not go three times after other to the cave, and give three shouts at the door."

When they put themselves in order, the prince and the dogs went the first time to the cave that evening. The prince himself went on the back of Swiftness before the giants would catch him. They reached the cave. The prince gave the three shouts out of him. Out after them came the giants, but not one of them would catch Swiftness. Knowledge and Heaviness went at the giants and they killed one of them. They went home then, and they took to rest.

The next morning, the prince and the dogs went to the hunting-hill. The prince himself sat on a hill, and Knowledge had



bheinn-sheilg. Shuidh am prionnsa fhein air cnoc, agus bha fhios aig Fios far an robh na feidh, rug Luaths orra, agus thug Trom dachaidh iad. An uair a chuir iad iad-fein air doigh chaidh iad an oidhche sin a ris do 'n uaimh. Chaidh am prionnsa fhein air muin Luaiths agus thug e tri glaidhean aig an dorus. A mach as an deigh thainig na famhairean ach cha bheireadh a h-aon aca air Luaths. Chaidh Fios agus Trom an carabh nam famhairean agus mharbh iad aonan duibh. An sin chaidh am prionnsa agus na coin dachaidh, agus gabhadar mu thamh.

An ath mhadaim chaidh am prionnsa agus na tri coin do 'n bheinn-sheilg. Shuidh am Prionnsa fhein air cnoc agus bha fhios aig Fios far an robh na feidh, rug Luaths orra, agus thug Trom dachaidh iad. An uair a fhuair iad iad-fein air doigh chaidh iad do 'n uaimh an treas uair. Ghlaodh am prionnsa tri uairean aig an dorus agus a mach thainig an t-aon fhamhair a dh' fhag iad beo, agus a phiuthar. Chaidh am prionnsa fhein air muin Luaiths agus cha bheireadh am fhamhair air. Chaidh Fios agus Trom an carabh an fhamhair agus mharbh iad e, agus theich piuthar a' phrionnsa dhachaidh. Chaidh iad an uair sin a stigh do 'n uaimh agus fhuair iad uidhir oir agus airgid agus a bheireadh Trom dachaidh.

An uair a thainig am prionnsa dhachaidh thachair a phiuthar ris anns an dorus agus deoch phuinsein aice.

"Siuthad, a ghaoil," ars' ise, "agus ol an deoch mhath so; is cinnteach gu bheil thu sgith as deigh crìoch a chur air na famhairean."

Dh' ol e an deoch, agus cha luaithe dh' ol e i na thuit e marbh. Thoisich na coin car tacain air caoineadh agus air donnalaich m' a thimchioll agus an sin dh'fhalbh iad. Ghabh iad air an aghaidh a' coiseachd gus an do rainig iad tobar far an robh dithis dhaoine —aonan a' lionadh soithich leis an uisge, agus am fear eile ag amharc gu durachdach air.

"Dé," arsa Fios, "tha sibh a' deanamh mar sin?"

"O," fhreagair am fear a bha a' lionadh an t-soithich, "is e tobar-leighis a tha so, agus tha mi toirt deur de 'n uisge do 'n duine so."

"B' fhearr leam," arsa Fios, "gun toireadh tu deur dheth dhomhsa."

knowledge where the deer were, Swiftness caught them, and Heaviness brought them home. When they put themselves in order, they went that night again to the cave. The prince himself went on the back of Swiftness and he gave three shouts at the door. Out after them came the giants but not one of them would catch Swiftness. Knowledge and Heaviness went at the giants and they killed one of them. Then the prince and the dogs went home, and took to rest.

The next morning the prince and the three dogs went to the hunting-hill. The prince himself sat on a hill, and Knowledge had knowledge where the deer were, Swiftness caught them, and Heaviness brought them home. When they put themselves in order they went to the cave the third time. The prince bawled out three times at the door and out came the one giant that they left alive and his sister. The prince himself went on the back of Swiftness and the giant would not catch him. Knowledge and Heaviness went at the giant and they killed him, and the sister of the prince fled home. They went then into the cave and they got as much gold and silver as Heaviness would bring home.

When the prince came home, his sister met him in the door and she having a drink of poison.

"Proceed, my dear," said she, "and drink this good drink. Surely you are tired after putting an end to the giants."

He drank the drink, and no sooner did he drink it than he fell dead. The dogs began for a while to cry and whine about him, and then they went away. They went on, walking, until they reached a well where there were two men—one filling a vessel with the water, the other looking earnestly at him.

"What," said Knowledge, "are you doing that way?"

"O," said the man that was filling the vessel, "it is a healing-well that is here and I am giving a drop of the water to this man"

"I wish," said Knowledge "you would give a drop of it to me."

He got this, and they returned to the house of the Prince. They spilt the water on the prince and he rose well and healthy.

"Now," said Knowledge "myself and the other two dogs are going away."

"Oh, indeed, you will not go," said the prince, "great was my need of you."

Fhuair e so, agus tilleadar do thigh a' phrionnsa. Dhoirt iad an t-uisge air a' phrionnsa agus dh' eirich e gu slan, fallain.

"A nis," arsa Fios, "tha mi fhein agus an da chu eile a' falbh."

"O gu dearbh chan fhalbh," ars' am prionnsa; "bu mhor m' fheum oirbh."

"O, ge ta, feumaidh sinn falbh," arsa Fios, agus a mach ghabh iad. As an deigh ghabh an prionnsa ach ann am priobadh na sula bha iad as an t-sealladh. Thug e corr agus seachdain a' sireadh air an son, ach sireadh esan gus am biodh e sgith chan fhaigheadh e na coin.

Latha de na laithean mar a bha e a' gabhail roimhe a' coiseachd gu math tursach airsneulach co a thachair ris ach an aon ghille og a b' aillidhe chunnaig e riamh.

"Am faca tu tri coin uaine air feadh a so?" ars' am prionnsa.

"Chunnaig," ars' an gille og; "an aithnicheadh tu iad ri am faicinn?"

"Bu choltach gum faithnicheadh" ars' am prionnsa.

"Ma ta, is mise Fios."

"O gu dearbh cha tu."

"Buail thusa an t-slatag so orm tri uairean," ars' an gille og, "agus fasaidd mi am chu."

Rinn am prionnsa so, agus mar a thuirt an gille og dh'fhas e na chu. Bhuail e an t-slat a rithist air agus dh' fhas e na ghille og. Co a thainig an uair sin ach Luaths agus Trom ann an riochd ghillean oga.

"Co aca," ars' iadsan ris a' phrionnsa, "is fhearr leat sinn mar tha sinn an drast na'r gillean oga na mar bha sinn roimhe na'r coin?"

"Is docha leam sibh mar a tha sibh a nis na'r daoine. Fanaidh sibh a nis comhla rium gu brath."

"Tha eagal orm nach urrainn duinn," arsa Fios; "is e clann righ mhoir a tha annainn; chaochail ar mathair o chionn fhada agus chuir ar muime geasa oirnn gum biodh sinn na'r coin gus an deanamaid na nithe sin a rinn sinn-fhein agus thu-fhein. Tha sinn a nis a' dol dachaidh, agus thig thusa leinn agus gum faicheadh tu a' phiuthar bhriagh a tha againne."

Dh' fhalbh iad, agus chord am prionnsa agus piuthar nan gillean cho math r'a cheile agus nach robh iad fada sam bith gun phosadh. Dh' fhalbh piuthar a' phrionnsa agus chan fhaca iad

"Oh, but we must go," said Knowledge, and out they took. After them went the prince, but in the twinkling of an eye they were out of sight. He took more than a week seeking for them, but let him seek until he should be tired he would not find the dogs.

On a day of the days, as he was going before him walking, very sad, disheartened, who met him but the one most beautiful young man that he ever saw.

"Did you see three green dogs about this?" said the prince.

"I did see," said the young lad, "would you know them by seeing them?"

"It is likely that I would know," said the prince.

"Well, I am Knowledge."

"Oh, indeed, you are not."

"Strike you this switch on me three times," said the young lad, "and I will grow a dog."

The prince did this and, as the young lad said, he became a dog. He struck the switch on him again, and he became a young lad. Who came then but Swiftness and Heaviness in the form of young lads.

"Which," said they to the prince, "do you prefer us as we are just now, as young lads, or as we were before, as dogs?"

"I prefer you as you are just now—as men. You will now stay with me for ever."

"I am afraid we cannot," said Knowledge. "It is the children of a great king that we are. Our mother died since long, and our step-mother put us under spells that we would be dogs until we should do the things which ourselves and yourself did. We are now going home, and come you with us that you may see the pretty sister we have."

They went away, and the prince and the sister of the lads pleased each other so well that they were not long at all without marrying. The sister of the prince went away, and they never saw her more. Thus the prince and his wife had the house to themselves; and so far as wealth and love between themselves would make them happy, I will go witness that they were so.

I left them there.

riamh tuilleadh i. Mar sin bha an tigh aig a' phrionnsa agus a mhnaoi dhaibh fhein; agus cho fada agus a dheanadh beairteas agus gaol eatorra fein toilichte iad theid mise an urras gun robh iad sin.

Dh' fhag mise an sin iad.

## HERO TALES OF THE GAEL.

### V.—THE STORY OF FRAOCH.

OF the many stories in Old Irish literature which precede in action, or form prefaces to, the deeds of Cuchulain on the Tain Bo Cualgne, there is only one, so far as we know, in Scottish Gaelic literature. This is the story of Fraoch. In Irish the tale of Fraoch antecedes in action the events of the Cualgne Cowspoil, for Fraoch, according to agreement with Ailill and Meave, joined the expedition against Cualgne and Cuchulain; but it is probably not a *remscel* or prefatory tale to the Cualgne epic.\* There are a dozen of these prefatory tales, and unless the youthful exploits of Cuchulain are to be included in them—and properly they cannot be—these stories are unknown to modern Gaelic literature.

The Fraoch story in Irish appears under the head of Tain Bo Fraich—the cow-spoil of Fraoch. There are some four Irish MS. versions of it, one of which is in the Book of Leinster, a manuscript of the middle of the 12th century. This Irish story was edited and translated by the late O'Beirne Crowe† and it is his version, inaccurate though Dr. Stokes has proved it, that we must here use. Mr. J. F. Campbell was under the impression that the Scotch story was not found in the Book of Leinster, and his statement that “the following fragments are not found in that book” was repeated lately by Mr. Hector Maclean, but erroneously as we shall see. The Irish story may be condensed as follows:

Fraoch, son of Idath, a chieftain of Eirros Domno, in Mayo, belongs on the mother's side to the *sidè* or terrene gods. Her name is Befind and she is sister to Boand, the *sidè* directress of the Boyne river, in short, the goddess Boyne. Fraoch has come

\* But consider Zimmer in *Zeitschrift* of Comparative Phil., Vol. 28, p. 435.

† Proceedings of Royal Irish Academy, MSS. Series, I., 1870. p. 134, etc.

to learn that Findabair, daughter of Ailill and Meave, king and queen of Connaught, has fallen in love with him. He resolves to visit Ailill and demand her in marriage. His goddess aunt dresses him and his array in most gorgeous fashion, and with this grand cavalcade, glittering with gold and silver and breathing perfumes of Eden, Fraoch came to Cruachan, where the palace of Ailill and Meave was. Fraoch enjoys the hospitality of his sovereigns for some weeks, but he gets in all the time only one opportunity of speaking to his lady love alone, when she refuses to elope, but promises to marry him and gives him a ring. He then asks the hand of Findabair from her parents, but the bride-price asked of him was excessive. He refused and left the house in high dudgeon, but was brought back by Ailill and Meave for fear they should be reputed for "decay of hospitality." But they tried quietly to make away with him. They went out all to hunt, and at the river Ailill says: "It is declared to me that thou art good in water. Come into this flood that we may see thy swimming." Assured that there was nothing dangerous in it Fraoch strips and, leaving his clothes with his girdle (and purse therein) above them, he jumps into the water. Ailill, ever suspicious, in ungentelemanly fashion, opens Fraoch's purse, finds Findabair's ring and flings it into the river. But a salmon caught it and Fraoch, who noticed the whole thing, caught the salmon, killed it, and placed it in a safe spot on the bank. He was coming out of the water. "'Do not come out' says Ailill, 'until thou shalt bring me a branch of the rowan tree yonder, which is on the brink of the river; beautiful I deem its berries.'" He then goes away and breaks a branch off the tree and brings it at his back over the water. . . . After that he throws the branches to them out of the water. 'The berries are mellow and beautiful, bring us an addition of them.' He goes off again until he was in the middle of the water. The monster (*in beist*) catches him out of the water. 'Let a sword come to me from you,' he says; and there was not on the land a man who would dare to give it to him through fear of Ailill and Medb. After that Findabair. . . . gives a leap into the water with the sword. Her father lets fly a sharp-point spear at her from above, a shot's throw, so that it passes through her two tresses, and that Fraoch caught the spear in his hand. He shoots the spear to the land up, and the monster in his side. He

lets it fly with a charge of the methods of playing of championship, so that it goes over the purple robe and through the shirt that was about Ailill. At this the youths that were with Ailill rise to him. Findabair goes out of the water and leaves the sword in Fraoch's hand; and he cuts his head of the monster (*mil*), so that it was on its side, and he brought the monster with him to land. It is from it is Dub-lind Froech in Brei, in the lands of Connachta." Foiled in this, Ailill ordered a special bath to be prepared for Fraoch, "broth of fresh bacon and the flesh of a heifer minced in it," wherein he nearly parboiled the hero, and he was saved only by the intervention of his supernatural relatives, the *síde*, who carried him off to Sid Cruachan. He returned next day and Ailill and Meave penitently received him, "as if it were from another world he were coming." Ailill makes a feast, at which he demands of his daughter the ring he gave her and threatens her with death for its loss; and thinking it cannot be found, he says she may marry whom she likes if she can get it. And of course Fraoch gets it in the salmon he had hid. After these trials, Ailill and Meave can no longer refuse their daughter, and she is promised Fraoch if he joins them against Ulster for the cowspoil of Cualgne. He gives his promise and proceeds home to make preparation. On reaching home he finds that his wife, for he had a wife (!) already, sons, and cows have been carried off to Sliab Elpae or the Alps in Switzerland, where he goes in search of them and after many adventures finds them. So ends this story. Fraoch, we are told elsewhere, was drowned by Cuchulain at a ford on Sliab Fuait.

The Irish Fraoch is a demigod, and his story presents that curious blending of the rationalised supernatural—that is, the euhemerised or minimised supernatural—with the usual incidents of a hero's life, a blending which is characteristic of Irish tales about Cuchulain and the early heroes, who, in reality, are only demigods, but who have been fondly deemed by ancient tale-tellers and modern students to have been real historical characters exaggerated into mythic proportions. The Scotch story contains only the Dragon Myth part of the tale. Ailill disappears nearly altogether, and Meave is the cause of the whole mischief. Fraoch is, besides, represented as having been slain by the monster. Meave's motive for wishing the death of Fraoch puzzled the



Scotch ballad reciters, and in the modern versions she is represented as acting from jealousy ; she herself loved Fraoch, and as he refused her advances, sent him to his death rather than let her daughter or any other woman possess him. But this theory all hangs on one obscure verse (the 6th), and it does not seem to be countenanced by the Dean of Lismore's version, which is the oldest and best. Jerome Stone's version (Highland Society "Report." p. 99) belongs to the middle of last century, and is some 250 years the junior of the Dean's version, yet it is wonderfully near the older version, even at times preserving the sound of the old lines though losing their, or indeed all, sense. Practically the same may be said of Gillies' copy of the ballad, which is perhaps not independent of Jerome Stone's version. Macnicol's version is wretched in the extreme, and cannot equal those taken down in late years on the West Coast. Campbell reproduces almost all these ballads on pp. 29-33 of his *Leabhar na Feinne*.

The Dragon Myth is common on Gaelic and Irish ground. Lakes are always infested with monsters (biast or beist) and the Fenian heroes or the Saints often appear as slayers of them. St. Columba encountered a monster on Loch Ness which had already bitten and mangled many, and, by the sign of the cross, saved one of his companions from it, as he was swimming across for the coble, which was on the other side.\* These lake dragons rarely have treasures. It is dragons on islets or in lone places, "glistening heaths," and the like, which guard treasures, virtue bearing fruits, or lovely and lonely maidens. Norse myth and tale are full of such dragons, and of these the dragon Fafnir, slain by Sigurd, is the most complete specimen. He guards countless treasure, and his heart, when eaten, confers supernatural knowledge, just as the salmon of Ess-roy conferred such powers of knowledge on Fionn. The rowan tree, with its red berries, is the myth tree *par excellence* in Gaelic tales, nor are its supernatural powers forgotten in many a modern superstition, for bits of rowan will protect a house or a wearer against all fairy power and witchcraft. The closest parallel to the Fraoch dragon legend is presented in the story of the pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne. The last incidents of this pursuit centre round a rowan tree which

\* Adamnan II. cap. 28.

is guarded by a hideous giant called Searbhan Lochlannach. This tree was left by the Tuatha De Danann (the gods, in fact) and "in all berries that grow upon that tree there are many virtues, that is, there is in every berry of them the exhilaration of wine and the satisfying of old mead; and whoever should eat three berries of them, had he completed a hundred years, he would return to the age of thirty years."\* Diarmuid killed the giant and got the berries for Grainne, who had inconsiderately "longed" for them and would not rest till she got them.

The author of the Gaelic ballad, which we translate below, is given in the Dean of Lismore as "in Keich O Cloan" (the blind from Cluain), but who he was we cannot say. The ballad belongs likely to the 15th century. It is in quatrains, the 2nd and 4th line of which have the same terminal rhyme, and there are seven syllables in each line, but the accents are not taken into account, save to some extent in the modern versions. The Dean's names are fairly accurate; only in the case of Ailill does he stumble, and he calls him Orle, if we may trust Dr. Maclauchlan's transcript. The place names are localised in Connaught, near Dunkeld, at the head of Loch Awe, and in Mull, according to the reciter's knowledge and locality, for all these places apparently have Cruachans and Loch Fraochs.

The sigh of a friend from the mead of Fraoch,  
A hero's sigh o'er his gory bed,†  
A sigh which renders sad a man,  
And o'er which weeps the youthful maid.

Here eastwards is the cairn where lies  
Fraoch, Fitheach's son, of softest hair,  
The man who wrought the will of Meave,  
From him it is Cairn Fraoch is named.

A woman's weeping in Cruachan east—  
Sad the tale o'er which she weeps—  
He who makes her heavily to sigh  
Is Fraoch, Fitheach's son, of weapons tried.

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\* *Ossianic Soc. Transactions*, III., p. 135, etc.; Reprint of Soc. Pres. Gaelic, Vol. II., p. 11. For the myth see Rhys's *Hebbert Lectures* for 1886, p. 358, etc.

† *Caiseal chró* (a rampart of blood or death) is a misunderstanding for *cosair chró* (bed of blood or death), an expression of frequent occurrence in Irish tales. See K. Meyer, *Cath Finntragu* (Index).

'Tis she the maiden fair who weeps,  
In visiting the mead of Fraoch,  
Finnabair of soft wavy tress,  
Meave's daughter, whom the heroes love.

Ailill's daughter, most golden of hair,  
And Fraoch this night are side by side ;  
Though many the men whose love she had,  
She loved no other man than Fraoch.

Meave felt much displeased at this\*—  
This love of Fraoch, the good in mind ;  
Hence the cause of his body's wounds,  
Although no wrong to her did he.

He was sent to meet his death  
Because of the woman whose mind was bad ; †  
Great the loss his fall because of Meave,  
I will relate without guile the way of it.

A rowan tree stood in Loch Mai—  
We see its shores there to the south ;  
Every quarter and every month  
There could be found thereon ripe fruit.

This was the virtue of that rowan tree,  
Whose bloom than honey sweeter was,  
That its red berry could sustain  
A man for nine hours ‡ without food.

A year to each one's earthly spaa  
It would add—'tis sooth I tell—  
Health to the wounded it could bring,  
Such was the virtue of the ruddy fruit.

One trouble was there in its train—  
Whoe'er as leech would help his kin—  
A monster venomous lay at its root.  
Which stopped each one from culling it.

A heavy, heavy sickness struck  
Eochadh's daughter of generous cheer ;  
She sent word for Fraoch to come ;  
He asked her what it was that ailed her.

Meave replied she could not be well  
Unless she got her soft palm filled  
With rowan berries from the cold lake  
And no one to cull them but Fraoch.

"Refusal never have I made,"  
Said Fitheach's son of ruddy cheeks,  
"Whate'er may hap from it," said Fraoch,  
"I will go and berries cull for Meave."

Fraoch moved propitiously on his way,  
And set to swim upon the lake ;  
He found the monster fast asleep  
With head upraised toward the bunch.

\* These two lines are very obscure both in the Dean and in the modern versions.

† An obscure line.

‡ *Tráth* either "hours" or "meals."

Fraoch, Fitheach's son, of weapons keen,  
Came from the monster, nor did it know;  
He brought a lapful of berries red.  
To where Meave was in her own home.

"Though good it is what thou hast brought,"  
So said Meave, she of fairest form,  
"Nought, hero brave, will serve for me  
But to pull the sapling from its root."

Fraoch set about—no coward he—  
Again to swim the slimy lake,  
Impossible it was—though great his luck—  
To flee the death that was his fate.

He took the rowan by the top,  
He pulled its trunk from out its root,  
As he was bending his steps to land  
The monster noticed and pursued.

It caught him, swimming as he was,  
It seized his arm within its maw,  
While he seized the monster by the jaw—  
Pity it was Fraoch lacked his knife!

Finnabair, of soft wavy tress,  
Came unto him with knife of gold;  
The monster mangled his body fair,  
And gnawing tore his arm away.

Then fell they sole to sole opposed,  
On the stony strand that southward lies,  
Fraoch, Fitheach's son and the monster dire—  
Pity, O God, how fared the fight.

The conflict was but a short conflict,  
He took away its head in his hand;  
The maiden, when she saw what happened,  
Upon the strand then fainting fell.

The maiden rose from out her trance,  
She took his hand in her own soft hand:  
"Although this be but the food of birds,  
Great was the exploit it here performed."

From this death that befell the hero,  
Loch Mai it is the lake is named,  
Wherein the monster lived alway,  
Whose maw reached upward to the berry bunch.

To Fraoch's Mead was thereafter brought  
The hero's body to its gory bed;  
Unto the glen he gave his name,  
Worthless it was to live after him!

Carn Lave (Hand Cairn) is this that is by my side, \*  
The hand of Fraoch it is that is meant,  
A man that never conflict shirked,  
A man who loved the thick of strife.

Beloved the mouth that strangers ne'er denied,  
To which women were wont to give kisses;  
Beloved was he as lord of his people,  
Beloved the cheek more red than the rose.

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\* This verse exists only in the Dean's book and the second line is obscure.

Than raven's hue more dark his hair,  
Redder his cheeks than the blood of the calf,  
Softer and smoother than froth of streams  
Whiter than snow was the skin of Fraoch.

More curly than curliest ringlets his hair,  
His eyes more blue than flakes of ice,  
Than rowans red more red his lips,  
Whiter than blossoms his teeth.

Taller his spear than mast for sails,  
Sweeter his voice than musical chord,  
A better swimmer than was Fraoch  
There never stretched his side to stream.

Broader than door-leaf his shield,  
Pleasant was it to see him behind it ;  
Equal in length was his sword and his arm,  
Broader his lance than spar of ship.

Good was the strength of his two arms,†  
Excellent was the activity of his two feet,  
His mental power surpassed all princes',  
Never before champion did he plead for truce.

Yon was of woman's unreasonableness  
The greatest instance I ever saw,  
To send Fraoch to uproot the rowan  
After the berries were brought over.

Pity it was not in conflict of heroes  
That Fraoch fell, distributor he of gold ;  
Sad it is that he fell by a monster,  
Pity, O God, that he lives not yet!

\* An obscure line in all versions.

† This and the next verse are not in the Dean's book.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

THE University of Edinburgh is to confer the degree of LL.D upon the Rev. Mr. Cameron, Brodick. Mr. Cameron is a Gaelic scholar of European reputation, and we heartily congratulate him on this honour, tardily though his eminent services to Gaelic literature and linguistics have been recognised. Mr. Cameron's philological labours have been especially valuable, for till within a few years ago he was almost alone in bringing before the public of Scotland the results achieved in Celtic linguistic science by the indefatigable Germans. His first philological contributions appeared in the now extinct periodical called the *Gael*, in the years 1872-3-4. In these papers he discussed some 550 root words and showed himself, as usual, quite abreast of the knowledge of the time. Though events have travelled since then, Mr. Cameron's etymologies in the *Gael* are still of great importance—indeed, they are almost the only attempt, save his own in a later periodical, to deal with the subject on Gaelic ground at all. The first volume (alas, the only one!) of the *Scottish Celtic Review*—1881-85—was edited and largely written by him. Here he pursued his philological studies with all the accuracy of more advanced philological views. He has also edited several of the Gaelic ballads in the book of the Dean of Lismore. Mr. Cameron could do no greater service to Gaelic literature and

philology than publish a complete version of that book, for we believe he has transcribed most of the poems, and Dr. MacIachlan's version is not at all accurate either in the reproduction of the MS. or in the translations which he made of it.

LOVERS of Highland Folk-lore will be interested to know that the new edition of the "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer" promises to have a rapid sale. The work, as every one knows, is by Mr. Mackenzie of the *Scottish Highlander*, and lately editor of this *Magazine*; and there is an additional and very valuable chapter in the work upon Highland Superstition by the late Rev. Alexander Macgregor. The new issue is to be at a shilling, and already close on a thousand orders are booked. This edition is the fifth, and the work justly deserves its popularity.

THE same enterprising editor claims in the *Scottish Highlander* of the 29th March to have unearthed another "unknown" but good Gaelic poet. This poet was the late Mr. D. B. Macleod, a clerk in Glasgow and afterwards in Liverpool, but a native of Sutherlandshire. He left a MS. containing twenty pieces, six of which are Gaelic. The first Gaelic piece appears in the issue of the *Highlander* already referred to, and it must be said that the poem possesses great merit: it is elegantly executed in regard to expression and versification; the subject, however, is not one of general interest—a Liverpool gathering of Highlanders; but we may expect greater things to come.

MUCH activity is displayed in the issuing of works from the press. The announcements came some time ago and now the volumes are upon us. Amid the shower or rather the cataract of books now or lately issued, there are but few of interest to students of purely Gaelic matters. Yet one or two very important works have come to hand. We have received for review, and intend as soon as possible to notice, the following:—Professor Skeats' "Principles of English Philology—the Native Element" (Clarendon Press), which contains a most valuable chapter on the Celtic element in the English language—a chapter which shows a great advance in knowledge and in accuracy upon the author's Dictionary of a few years ago; Miss Stokes' "Early Christian Art in Ireland" (Chapman and Hall), an Art hand-book, which contains a concise account of its subject with many other interesting matters and very many valuable illustrations; and Mr. John Mackintosh's "History of Civilization in Scotland" (Brown, Aberdeen) of which may truly be said *finis coronat opus*.

IN the same connection we have to mention an exhaustive edition of St. Patrick's life and works by Dr. Whitley Stokes. It is published by the Records Commission and forms two portly volumes. The general title of the book is "The Tripartite Life of St Patrick with other Documents Relating to the Saint." It is a most complete work: it contains the Tripartite Life and translation, the Book of Armagh references, the Confession of St. Patrick, his letter to Coroticus, the *Fled Flada* and its preface, and innumerable extracts and references besides. In addition to this there is an introduction of 200 pages by Dr. Stokes, wherein he discusses the MSS. the date of the Tripartite life (circa tenth century) and its language, the personal history of Patrick as Dr. Stokes conceives it to have been, and lastly, but even more important than any other, the social condition of the early Irish. This last chapter is the most important contribution on this subject since O'Curry's great work on the "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish." Full indexes follow, and among them we notice a vocabulary of Irish words extending to 28 pages in double columns. It forms another of Dr. Stokes' many excellent vocabularies, whereby he makes the work of the coming lexicographer comparatively easy, though nevertheless much needed.